## A WILLFUL GIRL.

"It is really too shabby; I ought not to wear it, had I? I ought not to go," "Dear, you look so pretty and dainty in it, what can you say? I am sorry, but-"
"O well, if you like it; perhaps it's only that I have worn it so many times; th lace is mended in ever so many places, it's really such an old friend, Esther, that am tired of it, and must get a new one Tessy, I can't bear to hear

"Tessy, Tessy, I can't bear to hear you talk that way, not even in jest." The pale, sweet face of the clder sister had grown paler still. There was a pain-ed look in her soft eyes, and her breath came quick. "If you want a new dress there is some money, some silver, laid along—and you must use it."
She stopped: it seemed that the crowding tears would not let her go further.

"Esther and the pretty young girl took that pale, quivering face in her two slim hands-"you thought I was in ear nest? You thought I could take that that of me? No. I will never joke again. I will always be in dead earnest. I have noticed before now that I get into a great deal of trouble because of my foolish habit of joking. And now-now kiss

with the tears not yet quite vanished from her eyes, proud to touch with a soft caress the round cheeks turned so pret tily towards her? You know your pretty way of jokin makes one of my greatest pleasures," she said; "and I am a foolish old woman; but if you want the dress-

Wilst du mir nicht einen kuss geben called a clear voice from the open win Both women turned. A pleasant face-blue eyes, smiling from under thick waves of carling fair hair-was peering "O, Joseph, is it you?" two voice spoke together. This smiling apparition

Joseph Muller, held but a dewy knot of flowers, all green leaves, white buds grance filled the room.
"It is my coniribution." he said, flush ing behind the curtain that he pushed back with one hand. "I got them as I came along, at Floyd's."
"Ah! ah! how beautiful! How can you, Joseph? O, why was 1 o born a flower, just a white rose like this? a new dress. Now. Miss Esther Payne been from the first fixed on this slim, fair flower-bud of a girl, who was hovering over his gift in an eestacy of delight. The eyes flashed now with pleasure, as she took a spray of buds from the bunch and turned to her sister. You may put these right here, if you

ver my forehead so; that proves the e has been fretting about her explained Miss Payne to the young man in the window.
"Her dress? Why, what is the matter with it?" he asked, opening his oyes

Why, I was just thinking how pretty it is, and I wondered if you had made it new for the occasion, remarked that stupid young man. "All that green and a bud; I thought you must be a flower-bud yourself aufolding. Miss Payne smiled, but Therese made

Please don't talk in that awkward ns, and I can't understand it either How can I tell whether you are laughing at me or paying me a compliment?"
The young man knughed. "O Blome!"
he repeated, "O flower! I was paying you a compliment-a just tribute "And the other—when you first came." Joseph blushed and fidgeted. -oh, that was just no

looked at him as if she would say she had no fear he would say there to them aught that would be displeasing. She

Joseph shrugged his shoulders Both of the women laughed at his unmistakable look of disgust. Therese nodded at him from over her shoulder and snow-drops, making a shadow for er eyes to shine out of into his. own, especially when he is the owner besides the cat—a genuine Paganini Southernwood on me, and if they smell me in advance they will think a whole

The two young people went away in pposite directions, and Miss Payne, left alone, sat for a long time in the little not quite sad; at least her smile was stronger than her tears, and held its place on her placed month. For it was Tessy make fire for me if I were freezing. she was thinking of the pretty, young, brown-haired maiden between whom and mrd world only her own frail life and-Joseph. For Joseph loved the charm-ing, home-sweet Tessy. Esther was sure Blume," truly-the white flower about which the swan might circle, singing its plaintive song till it should die.

I wish-Oh, I wish and Esther chapped her hands together with nervous "I wish Towsy could love him. I

could die happy them. The large tears rose and fell. -if one knows the way. And the trouble was that Joseph did not "know the way." He was good, he was ge utle and kind; he would flush and stamme, when the merry little maid sked him, but to do something for her; own feet a de zen times in the effort to obey her—and Tessy would laugh at himt du mir wicht einen kuss geben? ink if Joseph would say that to her grime day in carnest, and claim the kiss the was afraid. His great love for the pure young girl, the "white dower" of his

It was late when Tessy returned. Miss Payne had been sitting gloomily alone in the room where shaded lamplight and

ger of gentle reproof the naughty lips of the naughty speaker.

"Did you think I should inquire after such a person as that?"

"O, then you mean your friend Joseph—the one who makes quotations in Getman to show that he is learned. Yes certainly he was there, but I did not see very much of him."

"But why?" And now Miss Payne's face grew grave; her voice fell. "Butwhy, my Tossy? Surely—"

"Oh, I don't know." Tessy stretched p two slender white hands, classing hem indolently above her head. You e, Esther, when he first made heap come to disturb you, I came to listen."

"Ited she looked! but—not a meddler; no.

VII.

When Joseph took his leave, as he walked along the hall he heard behind a door half open the notes of a piano and a low voice singing—Tessy's voice. Joseph hesitated a moment, then picking upcourage, repeating to himself with a queer little smile the words. "faint heart never won tair lady," he pushed the door open and went it.

Tessy was there alone, playing and the object is to attract the attention of comigrants to the Territory.

Toccoa City, Ga.—Dr. J. P. Newman, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular and their use always results satisfaction;"

When Joseph took his leave, as he walked along the hall he heard behind a door half open the notes of a piano and a low voice singing—Tessy's voice. Joseph hesitated a moment, then picking upcourage, repeating to himself with a queer little smile the words. "faint heart never won tair lady," he pushed the door open and went it.

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Toccoa City, Ga.—Dr. J. P. Newman, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular and their use always results satisfaction of comic of, say fifty cents a head, she has chartered a railroad coach and is sending it, leaded with sumples of her products of Dakota." The car is fitted up with shelped on one side, "The Products of Dakota." The car is fitted up with shelped on one side, "The car is fitted up with sumples of hare

pearance on the scene we had left the grounds. Most of us girls were in the the big pavilion, getting our tea at the tables. And that horrid Nelly Marchmont was there, and Joseph stopped at her table and stayed there a long time."

"Well, what then?" Tessy had paused in her recital, and was lying half kneeling, her soft, flushed cheeks resting on the stayed there are the same and the same her sister's arm. She miled a little gravely when Esther spoke. only because of her dress that he lingered by her; that he was ashamed to be seen offended you in any way? What have

"And I really didn't see him." "O, Tessy! how could you do so? And Joseph is so kind." There were tears ready to break through the tremble of Esther's pained voice.

"Kind!" broke in Miss Tessy, indig-

nantly. "I don't know what your ideas are, but I call it far from kind to snub And, after all, I don't think he ould have minded it so much-so very much-but a slight shower came up while we were dancing, and we all rushed back to the pavilion."
Here Miss Tessy paused again. A dim-

-you see I had on my light shoes-Henry threw down his coat, and nothing when I looked up, just as we entered the pavilion, what an expression there was on Joseph's face! I do believe he was swearing to himself—in German. Esther was silent, with a pained fear at her heart. What could she say? How ould she chide this beautiful young reature who was so dear, so winsome. y of love—of p good man's best How could she help and not hurt? Well!" exclaimed Therese, authoritavely, growing tired of the silence. "My dear," said Esther, timidly, "don't on think with me, that Mr. Wistar's at Miss Tessy vouchsafed no reply to this

Don't you think, my dear, that you ight have reached the pavilion safely the others did simply by walking on the bare ground? bed. said Tessy, suddenly getting up. Then she glanced at Esther's face. "Smile!" she commanded. "Do you It is old, and it is old-fashioned, and think I am coing to say good night t Smile!" she commanded. ngly," ejaculated Tessey, with em- such eyes as those? Smile at once The grieved look melted swiftly into tears. With loying arms twined around each other's neck, the two sisters eried the sweetest for those very tears.

> In the quiet days that followed-permaps because they were living nearer to that Tessy was more than usually silent that under her joyons laugh shone th that her strength seemed to be consumed One evening Esther, in her chair, drew Tessy to her. The young girl came and he pretty bronze-brown love-locks suf

"Dear," said the elder sister in a low voice, "you never sing to me now."
"No," answered Tessy, slowly. "I
must be—I don't know why—unless—I don't think of it. You did not wait once to think of it essy; you saug because you must. Yes, that does make a difference to What in the world do you mean

"Mean? Nothing: I never mean any-thing: that is why I get into so much trouble." The girl spoke in a mocking way, but a over who had a beautiful bird that his ady coveted. He was very poor, but he lay the princess sent a message that she had nothing in his larder fit for so dainty a lady, he bade the cook kill the bird and

sound as of tears was in her voice. She put her hand over her eyes. can't tell it as it ought to be told; but the roung knight must have sat and looked and then she said she would love him be his own true princess-if he would me in advance they will think a whole illage Sunday-school is coming. Goodbye, good-bye.

III. Goodbye who is a coming of the princess did get the bird in one way if not in another. And I wonder if the roung knight quite loved her when he "Oh, you hard hearted woman," cried lessy. "But I thought of that, too." Tessy. "But I thought of that, too."
Then rising with a quick change of manuer, she said: "I wonder if Joseph would contribute his beloved violin to

> well. She was lying on the sofa in the little parlor, when Tessy came and knelt by her and took her two least the little parlor, when Tessy came and knelt by her and took her two least two latter and took her two least two least times are also and took her two least two least times are least times and took her two least times are least times and took least two least times are least times and took least two least times are least times and took least times are least times and took least times are least times, because on Saturday last his only son, John L. Williams, died at Tilliams, least times are least times are least times and took least times are least times and took least times are least ti ner the way out.
>
> "I don't know what to do for you," she sobbed "You are getting worse, Esther; what is it? Shall I send for some one?
>
> O, why does not Joseph..."
>
> "I do t know what to do for you," she sobbed "You are getting worse, Esther; what is it? Shall I send for some one?
>
> O, why does not Joseph..." O, why does not Joseph— "She stopped suddenly, but Esther

heard, and the next day a message found

chair when he came in.
"I did not know you were ill," he said; and oh, the sense of comfort, of rest, that the invalid felt when she heard his voice—when she looked into his clear eyes. "Is it anything serious? I am so Esther smiled gently, but he grew

grave with a startled fear when he saw the change in her.

"It is not painful—only a little troublesome; and I should not mind it so much,
but Tessy frets over me."

Joseph looked for the first time at e change in her. Tessy, who was sitting apart by the winsong, made him a coward; but it was a dow. She barely glanced up as he spoke, noble cowardice, and might go far to help but there was a bright red flush in her check. And her eyes—how soft and appealing they were as they looked up at him so briefly. Perhaps he had been unnecessarily harsh with her—just a slip of

Tessy stopped and stood silent, with

He looked at her, hesitated a momen "What then? O, nothing but this: for the last time, then took a step for the last time, then took a step for ward.

"Why do you treat me in this cold

But, alas! Esther was asleep.

Asleep, and her darling was safe.

—Overland Monthly. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS,

The Half-Breed Indian' Who it was A seried, Many Years Ago was

Unfortunate Marie Antoinette. About forty years ago very considera ble interest was manifested in this coun-try over the claim to the French throne round on the path, and the rain had ade it worse. So when we came to that missionary among the Stockbridge Indimissionary among the Stockbridge Indi-ans in Wisconsin, named Eleazar Wil-liams, Louis XVI, the last of the French enry threw down his coat, and nothing do but I must walk over it. And hen I looked up, just as we entered the seilion what an expression there was son, the dauphin, had died in 1789, so that at the time of the King's execution his second son, Louis, the Duke de Normandie, was the dauphin, being then eight years of age. Young Louis, styled XVII by the royalists and foreign powers, was imprisoned in the Temple but was officially reported to have died in 1795-presumably from the harsh treatment of his jailers. Either honestly be-lieving so or else imbued with sinister motives in attempting to resuscitate an heir of straw around whose standard they could flock, many of the courtiers of Louis XVI claimed that Louis XVII had not passed away in the temple, but neither Caucasian nor Mongolian. They that he had been spirited off by his occupied India before the immigration of tory, almost ranking with the query as to the individuality of "the man in the iron After the failure of several attempts

by foreign impostors to establish their claims, a party of French noblemen, married to a squaw, and was modestly bringing up a family of half-breeds in the backwoods of what was then a State on the veriest limits of Western civilization. His memory only went back to a Canada, who claimed to have stolen his Gaining some edu ame a missionary among the people wh had adopted him, and, upon being com-missioned by the American government

to superintend the removal of the Ten Nations of New Yord to the Stockbridge and Brothertown reservation, east of Lake Winnebago and the little Fox river. ligious charge of these aboriginal imm a thoroughly trace Williams's history and, armed with an array of affidavits signed by the Canadian Indians who ha ared him, and others-whether the affidavits were genuine and disintereste or not, has never been established—set u reduced by his crucity in the Temple to a state of temporary imbecility; that ar humble friend had stolen him from the Indians, who nursed the lad back to vigor and reared him in ignorance of his origin

and that Eleazar Williams was the ver-Villiam does not appear to have che shed this rude intrusion amid his quiet pastoral labors, and resented the advances of the enthusiastic Frenchmen. equality were shocked at the bowed knees of his pretended devotees. It is died almost, if not quite, convinced that he was the lost Bourbon, after all. The roubles then existent in France bei

lippe, and the Wisconsin Bourbon passed away quite unnoticed, among his halfbridge friends. The French Bourbons have never since paid any attention to the matter, The memory of the old story is revived tamborine with its right, executing very lers-advancement of civilization and ce abrity never caused her to doff her richly

her barbaric splendor of silver meda and gold beads, she was a very pictur-He walked straight up to Esther's esque individual. Her step, her demean or, were those of a woman who well an eing the Queen of the Franks.—Win

AN IDLE IDYL.

A summer afternoon. She stood by the gard distance away.

Just then upon a golden flower
A butterfly alighted.
And waved its wings about as though
Exceeding delighted.
And so it should have been. The day
Was very warm and sunny.
And all the insects whirred and whize
They found such just of honey.
She slyiy caught it in her hand.
And while it gently holding
He languidly approached and gave
Her an asthetic scolding.
How can you? First let it go.
The seem of firing thinglets.
A teason bearing everywholy
Of heavily on its winglets.
On certainly, I'll set it free
If it will give you pleasure
To see it fly. she said, and soon
Off flow the airy treasure.

THE GYPSIES.

Lazy, Sensuous, Lying and Cheating Habits-Most of Them

Their Origin and Their Language-Their

Very Dirty, Very Thievish, Cowardly, Malicious and Excessively Unpoetical -They Are "Bad Eggs."

a certain charm—roung people generally fullest sense of the word. And romanic itself comes to an end when people are on bad terms with soap and water, and revel in roasted cats or half-decayed meats of any kind. Most gypsies are dirty, lazy, thievish, cowardly, malicious and strictly unpoetical. They abominate policemen; they like people who are romantic. They are nonmadic in the fullest meaning of the term, and they like the productions is Syko, a sort of improved Psyche, also by Prof. Feggetter. Syko is also here, in fact has been on exhibition two weeks than a century ago a scholar investigated the language of the gypsies, and decided it to be Indian in origin and Aryan in character. The greatest etymologist in this century, Prof. Pott, studied the gypsy dialects of all Europe, and concluded them to be nearer the original Sanskrit than are most lauguages now as poken. More recently the eminent Mistraed them in grations of the gypsies from the upper Indus, through Syria and Asia Minor, to Greece. They left India about the for the proper in the sides of the room, who head, arms and hands. He sits upon a the upper Indus, through Syria and Asia Minor, to Greece. They left India about the formal was credited with doing about time, which cleared \$4000 in a hort time, and was credited with doing some wonderfully human-like things, some provided with doing down the Earl's country seat. Petersborough House and the Earl's country seat. Petersborough the Petersborough when be made the actress his wife, and hive the peter between on the made the actress his wife, and hive the provide connection with the showmen or directors. The third and most ingenious of late provided to here, in fact has been on exhibition two weeks in the present month, and may be such the present mont traced the migrations of the gypsies from the upper Indus, through Syria and Asia Minor, to Greece. They left India about the year 1000: they began to make Greece their home about 1250; they entered Roumania about 1250; they entered Roumania about 1250; they entered Roumania about 1210. Germany in 1417. Spain in 1440. Later on they invaded Scotland, Sweden, Russia and Siberia. When did they enter America? We do mania about 1300, Hungary about 1350, Bohemia about 1410, Germany in 1417, Spain in 1440. Later on they invaded Scotland, Sweden, Russia and Siberia. When did they enter America? We do not know. But it is quite certain that the gypsies occur in Egypt, in the Soudan, throughout Northern Africa, and even in China. Prof. Miklosich has destroyed the belief that the gypsies are Aryans, except in their dialect. Modern anthropology is disposed to question the Aryan character of the people in British India; the lower classes, the dark people, and the gypsies are now

people, and the gypsies are now thought to be Dravidians, that is to say, neither Caucasian nor Mongolian. They friends to a place of safety, and that the outwitted jailers pretended he had died, in order to satisfy public vengeance and relieve themselves from accusations of are called Domas, but the D is cerebral, relieve themselves from accusations of negligence. The persistence with which the claim was presented has made this one of the mooted questions of hisin opposition to the white Europeans whom the gypsy calls parno. Prof. Mik sich traces the word Zigeuner to At singani or Athingani, which is the Byzan ne name for abandoned heretics. oms, or gypsies, have no religion. Th

about forty years ago, suddenly turned up in Wisconsin and pretended to have discovered the veritable lost dauphin in the person of the Epscopalian mission—by the degree to which strangers share our own religious preferor by our statue-book, the gipsy is not a AUTOMATA.

even digested its food like a live animal.

The figure would stretch out its neck to

swallow it with a duck's natural avidity

even the motion of the muscles of the neck being closely imitated. It would

ently or by design, by

water, quack, and wonderfully imitate all the actions of the living duck. It is said

o have been destroyed, either inadvert-

pick up a bit of red-hot iron, which burned the delicate mechanism inside.

Robert Houdin, the famous French ne-

eromancer, also made a duck which was

almost, if not quite, equal to that of Van-canson. The animal walked, but de-scribed enlarging circles, and would wag

"Come, swallow-sprite!
"Tis time to fly,
Clotilde!
To sunnier lands than these." Early Pacific Railroad Surveys. fature so Cunningly Imitated in Brasi eccive the Very Elect Puzzles of the

SONG.

Who cares for care? I lightly trip
From day to day—
mooth stopping stones neross this brook of life
Aud, as I skip.
Old grandons asy.
"Clottide."

"Tis time you were a wife."

Young Love, they tell me, will not wait, And age is lone

Young Spring with me is dancing by, And leaves his flowers

Mr. Lorin Blodget, in Bradstreet's rewas during the administration of Presdent Pierce, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, that three routes were examined by United States engineers. What was known as the central route n the world's history, says the Cincinna News-Journal. Probably the first was surveyed by Capt. Gunnison, who went up the Arkansas river through the moving on living wheels, which Homer describes Vulcan as having made. Plato and Aristotle both write of statues ins the "Gunnison country," and lost his vented by Dædalus, which not only walked, but had to be tied up to prevent of the central route, then the favorite i e eyes of Congress and the country them from moving. Venus, one of these models, moved, it is said, by quicksilver partly on account of its central location Aulus Gellius, the Greek, speaks of a wooden pigeon flying. Cassiodorus writes of Memnon, on the plains of Thebes, the remains of which are still to be seen, are said to have uttered joyful sounds at the rising of the superscript of the supersc rising of the sun, but mournful ones when dreds of years, even to the fourth century of the Christian era. Arcthytas, of Tarentum, made a dove that could fly egiomontarius is credited with produc-

Isaac J. Stevens, and though attracting condintors in this difficult service. The writer notes that the great ing an eagle, which is said to have flown from the city, saluted the Emperor as he approached, and returned; and a fly of iron, which would circle the room on its iron, which would circle the room on its was in the maximum elevation of the interior was in the middle or lower latitudes, and The first automaton of great celebrity the s'ope northward was quite as decided and remarkable as that castward or west-ward. Many of the tributaries of the in the thirteenth century, which moved naturally, and is said to have spoken. It so terrified Aquinas that he broke it to pieces with his staff, whereat the heartorthward many hundred miles, and the Missouri Valley at the foot of the Rocky nountains, Fort Benton, is but 2663 feet oroken inventor cried, "Alas! you have lestroyed the work of thirty years!" ove the level of the sea, or less than Descartes made one in the form of a fe-male, which he called his daughter Franhalf the average altitude of the plateau that of Penusylvania. The average temthe superstitions captain of a sailing vesperature of the several seasons and the year is greater at Fort Benton than at Rochester, N. Y., or at the average of positions in Middle Pennsylvania. These such a clever writer as Leigh Hunt, who of facts determined as to that remote dis-

were intensely interesting as the first accuracy. Vancanson made a duck which moved, ate, drank, and is said to have even digested its food like a limit of these general routes. but collected the collected of these general routes. the work of further interweaving the

system still goes on.

s head, pick up seeds and swallow them. After a quarter of a century of old There is a curious story connected with this automaton. After Houdin's death it disappeared, and no one knew what had become of it. One M. Beaumont, another French magician, bought a lot of traps at an auction in London, among them a curious piece of cogs, wires, etc. Prof. Feggetter, now in this city, was a friend of his, and curiosity led Feggetter state of treatment would entirely abolish to ask permission to take it home for examination, which he did, only to find, after much investigation, that it was Houdin's celebrated duck. Pulling it to find its level and modest worth be raised pieces he found seeds inside, which, when to a proper pinnacle, for be remembered that appreciation means just estimation. No one would dream of advertising him-

He was the work and lamplify the contractive registration of the contractive registration reg

nodded twice, and three times for a check of the king. It created the most profound wonder for years wherever exhibited, but was, after all, only an ingenious trick. The real intelligence of the machine was supplied by a man of small size, who concealed himself in the spacious box behind which the figure sat, and saw all the moves reflected through the chess-board by means of magnets in the chessmen. The of magnets in the chessmen. The figure and all its accompaniments were

full, or apparently so, of machinery, and every part of it was thrown open for inspection before it began to play. The ingenuity consisted in confusing the judgment by this collection of cogs and wheels. Good Performers Who Made Excellen Wives-Footlight Favorites Who Are Now the Leaders of Ton.

by her; that he was ashamed to be seen by her; that he was ashamed to be seen by her; that he was ashamed to be seen by her; that he was ashamed to be seen by her; that he was mean of me; but she with most bands of gold on her arms sentment all out together on Joseph's And then it was all over, and Tessy, and waist and in her hair. It was very and was stand in her hair. It was very and was the standard of the was all out together on Joseph's head the was allowed the was allowed the was allowed. The head of the was all out together on Joseph's head the was allowed the was allowed. The head of the was allowed the was allowed. The head of the was allowed the was allowed. The head of the was allowed to the green of the head in systems where he had just been and to the green of the marriage of other actresses to the types; and the standard with a smile the little pearl-pink car.

"Well, at all events, he couldn't call." The was allowed the was allowed the was allowed the was allowed. The head of the was allowed. The head

time his heart was true to Poll, and when the duchess was safely under ground Miss Fenton, in due legal form became her successor. Lavinia was witty, accomplished and agreeable companion, and had a great tast for literature. She was pleasant to leat but not an extraordinary beauty. gence digects it, but how? It has never, so Prof. Feggetter claims, been fully accounted for or explained. He says it is his best piece of work, and it seems to be enough for ordinary laurels.

at but not an extraordinary beauty. In her later years she became so unpopular among the lower orders that they were with difficulty prevented from dragging her out of her coffin. Before she died she fell in love with an Irish surgeon to whom the left the bulk of her fortune, her three

she left the bulk of her fortune, her thre sons getting but £10000 each. "Another and later actress of the sam name, Mary Catherine Bolton, who als umde her best hit in the character 'Polly Peachum, was, after seven yes stage life, married to Edward, Lord Thurlow, a poet, and nephew of the first Lord Thurlow, the judge. This Miss Bolton was a blonde and died of con-And leaves his flowers— lets wither though we pluck them not; Then why not I? Yet in these bowers Clotified Hos drawn the spinster's lot. sumption. She belongs to the early part of this century.

"ELIZABETH FARREN. And age is lone
ored maids who wed not while they may;
But let them prate!
A cheery crone,
Clostide
Will laugh as loud as they, ountess of Derby, may next be mentio ed. She suffered many privations and hardships in her childhood, and went on Theater ward made herself famous by her mag-nificent impersonation of 'Lady Townly' ess to die-more than twenty years, I be-lieve-when she and the earl were united. Miss Farren's last appearance on the stage was as 'Lady Teazle,' in 1797; within a day or two afterward she became Countess of Derby.

"Laura Brunton's father was a mana-ger and herself a clever actress. She played 'Lady Tumly' [and 'Beatrice,' and was a great favorite in her day. In the first decade of the century she mar-ried the Earl of Craven, and lived until

poor strolling actress, and was a great Lydia Languish in the early part of the century. She retired from the stage in 1815 to marry a banker named Coutts, who died, leaving her an income of nearly £100,000. Then she married the Babeley before she accepted any of the many rich gentlemen who came suing for her hand. At last one was accepted, a squire, who changed his mind before the date set for the wedding, and was fined £3000 for breach of promise. In 1831, having determined to reform her evil ways, she became the wife of the Earl of Harrington, and lived to reach the age of sixty-nine years, dying in 1867.

"Katherine Stephens, who began life a few years before the century, was a required to the control of the sixty-nine years, dying in 1867.

"Katherine Stephens, who began life a few years before the century, was a compound to his boardinghouse to direct oner. Mr. Wilson was told that a lady wished to see him, and on entering the parlor was confronted by the well-known and well-beloved features of his wife. Her story was brief. She remembers nothing of her flight, but on coming to her story was told that a lady wished to see him, and on entering the parlor was confronted by the well-known and well-beloved features of his wife. Her story was brief. She remembers nothing of her flight, but on coming to her yellow wished to see him, and on entering the parlor was confronted by the well-known and well-beloved features of his wife. Her story was brief. She remembers nothing of her flight, but on coming to her yellow wished to see him, and on entering the parlor was confronted by the well-known and well-beloved features of his wife. Her story was brief. She remembers nothing of her flight, but on coming to her yellow wished to see him, and on entering the parlor was confronted by the well-known and well-beloved features of his wife. Her story was brief. She remembers nothing of her flight, but on coming to her yellow wished to see him, and on entering the parlor was confronted by the well-known and well-beloved features of his wife. a few years before the century, was a favorite vocalist and a good actress. She first appeared at Covent Garden in 1813 as "Mandane" in De Arne's opera of remained in the asylum a few weeks until

Artoserses, and not only captured the her cure was certain, when she was distown, but ran away with the judgment of such a clever writer as Leigh Hunt, who said something to the effect that there was nobody like Katie. He saw her in was unknown, and her letters were re Polly Peachum, which impersonation turned. Accumulating a little mone he described as beyond competition, she went to Pittsburg, and there learned was a great success, both in public and out writing, she came at once to this city private life, and she deserved all the

favors fortune favored her with. She was on the stage at nineteen, in the year 1811, and played 'Widow Cheerly,' Volumnia, 'Constance,' Lady Teazle' and Juliet,' She had been on he stage only eight years when she mar n the death of his uncle, in less than a aronetey, and thus made the actress andy Wrixon Beecher. It is said that she and her relations suggested to Thack-ery those pictures of the Fotheringays and Capt. Costigan, which he has so charmingly drawn. Lady Beecher died

in 1872 at the age of eighty.

"Next comes Louisa Mordaunt, who played 'Widow Cheerly. She had been on the stage only two years when she married a Capt. Nisbeth, of the Life Guards, who was accidentally killed, and Guards, who was accidentally killed, and eleven years after her first matrimonial venture began—in 1844, I think it was she took a second husband, Sir William Boothby, Bart, who left her a widow without a fortune, in a few months, when she was obliged to return to the footlights.

of the sterner sex, who were disporting themselves in the water. It is rather an ancommon sight to see men and women in the bath at the same time, and the stom is a new one at the natatorium the first of the series of what are known as "social swims" having been inaugurated a week ago last night. Only gentlemen accompanied by ladies are allowed to enter the hall, and with few excep-

tions those who enter are pupils of the school, and in most cases are acquainted with one another. There were all kinds of girls there—tall girls and short girls, thin girls and little "sawed-off" girls as thick as they were long; lank, medium, pretty and homely. But the girl with a poor form had no business there, for once wether the thin hathing size. the thin bathing suits clung to the person as closely as a glove on the hard. The ladies' suit consisted of a short tunic and tight-fitting breeches of a length consistthe bath and the sexes mingled freely, and, as they were well acquainted, en-joyed themselves hugely.

CLOTH OF GOLD.

or the Sunday Apeal.] I sit at the window the live long day And my needle is flying fast, I look to the field across the way As 'tis swept by the autumn blast. Memory flies to the far past dim. To that autumn time when I read to kim As we sat on the sloping upland old. I read the search for the fleece of gold He was my Jason, stately and proud, The world held nothing half so fair

My heart in humblest worship bowed To the stately man that was scated the He loved me a little, or so he said, He had found my heart stainlessly free His own on a furious passion had fed, He brought its ashes and cinders to me. I took the ashes for dust of gold, The cinders were diamonds in my sight. I loved as my race had loved of old.

Our souls were pure by a lofty right. He cheated met just as men have done Since that hero of whom my young lips rea I grieved not long over knowledge won.
I turned to my old first lose instead. My heart's first love so grand and great His brave, strong spirit, his soul so high. He crowned me queen of his beart's estate None else were left to mourn save I. This life's fair idols all else lay dead

My mother among them, last and be His hopes and ambitions alike had fled. He fired mine with an eager zest. He opened books of mystical lore. Through each labyrinth he was my guide Oh, surely there never was child before Had a teacher, loved with such tender prid He told me tales of grand romance As he sat where my "Jason" did of old.

A yellow field was beneath his glance.

He told of the field of cloth of gold. There, watching the plumy golden-rods Under the breezes of autumn sway,

Memory waves her magic wand, Transports me back to that early day Dear old heart, until death had laid Its icy touch on that pulse of thine. From its first allegiance never strayed, And I. I have never swerved from mine I know when the sands of life fly fast. And my spirit springs from shell of clay He will meet and guide me as in the past,

The waves of silver over my brow. Will again gleam golden beneath his hand I will love him then, as I love him now, Love dies not in the "summer land." ELIZABETH L. SANON.

A Touching Tale. Denver Times: A story that would form a basis for one of Wilkie Collins's in The Procoked Husband, and among her thronging admirers numbered old Derby. She refused to hold any relations with the earl except as that of his legal wife, and, like the Duchess of Bolton, had to wait a long time for the old countage to the state of the state o and the wife a careful, frugal housewife. Wilson had saved several hundred dollars, with which he purchased a neat lit-tle home in the outskirts of the Smoky

about a year when the discovery of Lead-ville's riches created a demand for machinists in this State, and having re-ceived a flattering offer young Wilson came out here. His wife was about to be confined, and so, selling his property, he established her in comfortable lodgings. and depositing all of his money to he credit, except just enough to bring him follow him as soon as she was able travel. Some two months afterward Wil "Maria Foote made her debut at Covering a place for his vent Garden, in 1814, in the part of Amanthis in The Child of Nature, and the covering a place for his a letter which stated that his wife, in a fit of deliging a place for his covering a place for his covering a place for his covering a letter which stated that his wife, in a fit of deliging a place for his covering a place for his cover Amanthis in The Child of Nature, and ster on played Letitia Hardy in the Belle's Stratagem, in a manner that the nurse, and had not been heard from. "His description of her style in this for six months prosecuted an unavailin Character is said to apply to Ellen Terry, who is known as the most fascinating 'Letitia Hardy' of modern times. Maria was a little careless of her honor, and had two children by a Col. Babeley before she accepted any of the many rich gentlemen who came suing for wan rein gentlemen who came suing for wan reing to his bearding-base to discuss the said discouraged. Yesterday noon, many rich gentlemen who came suing for wan reing to his bearding-base to discuss the said of the said of

Signal Service observations of climate for the entire interior. Thirty years have wrought such wonders in railroad building that not only have transcontinental roads been constructed over each neutal roads been constructed over each signal. When forty live years old Miss Stephens married the Earl of Essex, who was then flight only a few days—and was told of her husband's address in Denver, and that he still mourned her loss. Kind friends furnished her money, and, withsee it going up or down? 'Up,' he re-plied. 'You're right, said I, 'she's going up. 'How much do you want?' he asked. 'Five dollars,' I said boldly; I was desperately hard up. 'Now,' said he, 'if you can give me any fair reason why you said up instead of down, you'll have your \$5 quick. Of course I was solid for a good reason; we have to be in my business; so I said: Your finding

About Footlight Fairles. Mr. Leon John Vincent, the ballet

master, in answer to the question. "Are the jealousies in the profession violent?" she has a good shape, but no particular merit as a dancer, she begins as a figurante, and then the other figurantes make it pleasant for her by inquiring what she means by wrapping feather pillows around her knees, and whether she mis-takes the theater for a fat woman's exhibition. She has her revenge, of course on the next new-comer, and when she learns a step or two and becomes a coryphee, she can't be induced to believe that there is anybody on the stage but

lights.

"A MISS ROBINSON,
who must not be confounded with the charming but unfortunate Miss Robinson, better known as 'Perdita,' married in the first year of this century Sir Charles Felix Smith, of the Royal Engineers.

"How are ballet girls paid?"

"How are ballet girls paid?"

"For figurantes the price is from 86 to big reputation. But we don't often do not risk the journey. Now, it so happened that the steamer was the Evening Star, for New Orleans, which lost most they will agree to complete the dance."

"How are ballet girls paid?"

"For figurantes the price is from 86 to big reputation. But we don't often do

THE WHIMS Chickasaw Iron Work

Of Celebrated Artists, Musicians and Writers-Their Queer Habits and Singular Tastes During Their

ectural, Farm and Plantation Machinery Specialities. Witock of Engines and Bollers to be found in the Southwest. Working Hours-Their Pets and Their Peculiarities-Dumas's Menagerie and His Slovenly Attire.

Some amusing features from the lives addes suit consisting breeches of a length consistent with the modesty and beauty of the on horseback; it was not possible for number of the wearer. Some of the most to write in any other place than in Paris, however beautiful another residence however many attraction with swimming, or mount the spring-board and dive boldly and gracefully into when he lay, with his clothes on, in bed, and showed as great antipathy to all landscape beauty as love to his cats. The same artipathy to all natural beauty is charged to Donizetti, who always slepwhen he went upon a journey, when he should have given his attention to the romantic scenery of Switzerland and Italy. Cimarosa could not write without having a lot of friends around him, with whom he kept up an active conversation about art matters. Sacchini's train of thought was interrupted when his cats did not play their antics upon his writ-ing-desk. Sarti could only become inspired in a room witt out furniture, an which was dimly lighted. Spontini coul which was dimly lighted. Spontini could only compose in the dark, and Meyerbeer composed best during violen hunder storms, under the roof of his house. Salieri gained his inspiration while he walked quickly through the streets filled with a human throng, meantime

eating a great quantity of confec-tions. Haydn, in order to compossat in a soft arm-chair, with his gaze directed to heaven. Gluck composed in the open air, best in the glaring sunshine. He liked champagne by his work, and gesticulated very violently, as f he were an actor on the boards. Has del wandered in the churchyard, and when he wished to become inspired he sat himself down in one corner of it, which was shaded by weeping willows. Paesiello composed in bed, and did not leave it until he had finished a whole operatic scene or act. Mehul was a great worshiper of flowers, and often fell into silent reverie in observing them. He ilent reverie in observing them, elt happiest in a quiet garden. Mor rained his inspiration from readit Homer, Dante and Petrarch; Verdi mu ead passages from Shakespeare, Goethe Schiller, Ossian and Victor Huge Schiller inspired his musd by the smel f rotten apples, which he kept con-tantly in his desk; besides this, he liked o live amid surroundings correspondi

to the subject on which he worked. When he wrote the last act to Mary Stuart he had his servants clothed black, and so long as he worked or Wallenstein he neglected no review of other military spectacle, and at home his wife must sing battle pieces for him, Goethe loved to have plastic works of ert before him as he wrote. It is known hat in the creation of his "Iphigenia e had the image of an antique fema efore him in order to see if that which he made his heroine say woul-suit the features before him. Jean Pau replenished his ideas while taking a walk and drank a glass of beer now and then on the way. In writing he loved the strong smell of flowers. Her you Kleis

worked with great difficulty, and when he made poetry it was as if he had a conflict with an invisible fiend. Just the opposite was the case with Father Wieland. Kotzebue, in the composing of his dramas, was also actor. He himself acted single scenes in his study. It is related that when Sand murdered him, his little son. as he saw him reel and then writhe upon the ground, cried to his mother: "Se mamma, father plays comedy again! Burger, the immortal poet of Leonore, said to have whistled street songs as h wrote his verses on paper. His convers ion in such moments is said to have been obscene. Holderlin was often ound crying when he composed found crying when he compos poems. Similar things are said the French romance writer, Lafor writing-desk, swimming in tears. "Oh, it is too sad!" he sighed. "It don't go at all," he sobbed: "I am still in the first volume." Mattison wrote his

the window. Lamartine wrote his be things in the morning, before breakfas while sitting before the fire. A contemporary of Dumas wrote thus: "The writing-desk of Alexander Dumas presents a picture of classical disorder. The study floor is covered with books and papers, behind which he is seated, formally barcaded. Also, a quantity of dogs, cats oultry, pigeons and singing birds are seen around, and these he feed strokes and keeps out of mischief while writing. In the background stand number of printer's devils, waiting for copy, and booksellers and such people, who have business with him. He writes very rapidly, and carries on, very often.

very negligent in his dress."—Phrenological Journal. Notes from a Necromancer. A fortune-teller who practices on the

those eye-glasses shows that to-day you will see clearly. You see Rock Is-land going up; well, she'll go up. He f gave me my 85 without another word, and

the man, and my reputation was first

class for several years. As I have said that is what we call a 'jump for reputa

tion. The way it is worked is to make a big, bold guess in public on some prominent event. If it comes your way, show yourself, and you'll do business. If it

esn't work, try another district,

biggest jump for reputation I ever knew

who was excessively hard up, and wer

him that the steamer was going to the bottom sure. Well, the necromancer did

happen to find just such a man going aboard with his wife. The prophet

talked so well that the man's wife would not risk the journey. Now, it so hap-

around the steamer docks trying to find some nervous-looking man who would be

dudes of Wall street tells the following stories: "Ween I first came into the street, about hix years ago, I was pretty hard up, and I had to make what is called in my business a 'jump' for reputation. I passed my cards aroun in the morning, advertising to tell pas AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, present and future. Pretty soon a fresh-looking man took me aside and said. 'Now, look here, can you tell what things mean?' Well, I didn't know exactly what he meant, but I said yes, of

exactly what he meant, but I said yes, of course. 'Now,' said he, 'I found a pair of over-ghasses in the gutter as I was coming down town this morning—first thing I've found in fifteen years—what does it mean? 'What stock do you see in your mind? I asked. 'Rock Island.' 'Do you see it going up or down?' 'Up, he replied. 'You're right,' said I 'she're

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